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"OF this I am certain, that in a democracy, the majority of the citizens is capable of exercising the most cruel oppressions upon the minority, whenever strong divisions prevail in that kind of polity, as they often must; and that oppression of the minority will extend to far greater numbers, and will be carried on with much greater fury, than can almost ever be apprehended from the dominion of a single sceptre."—BURKE.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At this gloomy and depressing season we may dwell with some satisfaction on the marked improvement shown in the latest figures of shipping losses, a happy augury, we may hope, of the new rule at the Admiralty. In the week ended on January 12 four ships only of the larger size were sunk, one of the smaller, and one fishing boat. At the end of last February the entrances and clearances of vessels were nearly the same as in this latest week, but the corresponding figures of losses were 16 big ships, six small ones, and five fishing craft.

Major operations with men and guns on the Western front being prevented by the weather, attention this week has been concentrated on our airmen, who, despite the numbing cold of the season, continue in excellent form. They gave Germany, last Monday, a taste of a raid in broad daylight, the railway station and munition factories of Karlsruhe being severely punished. On the same night, bombs were dropped on the steelworks of Thionville, between Luxemburg and Metz, and, further, at two large railway stations near Metz. All our machines returned safely in both cases. On the night of Monday also Yarmouth was bombarded for five minutes from the sea. In view of the fact that some fifty shells reached the town, the casualties and damage to property were slight.

Those who hoped for some definite information concerning the unfortunate incident in front of Cambrai are hardly likely to be satisfied by Mr. Bonar Law's answers to questions in Parliament on Tuesday. The report has been examined by a committee of the Imperial General Staff; and their report has been examined by a committee of the War Cabinet, and the War Cabinet itself. What emerges from this sifting and examining process is Mr. Law's statement that the Higher Command was not surprised by the attack, and that all proper and adequate dispositions had been made

to meet it. The Higher Command, in fact, "was not to blame." Nothing is said as to the responsibility of the Divisional Command, but Mr. Law's caution allows him to speak of a "breakdown which undoubtedly occurred."

It is now publicly deplored in Germany that the Italian expedition wastefully failed in its main object, which was to eliminate Italy from the war. The main cause of the failure was the unforeseen promptitude with which the Western Allies arrived on the scene and, by their presence, revitalised the dispirited Italian armies. It was an object-lesson in the value of moral. Italy remains unbeaten. Germany has gained nothing of immediate strategic importance, and Austria has inordinately lengthened her lines of communication. It is the "Home Fronts" that must bear the brunt of the war during the winter months, and neither Germany nor Austria can rely any longer on the "Will to Victory" of their civil populations, who are more urgently inspired by a "Will to Victuals." Hertling and Kühlmann and Czernin know this. The Hindendorff pair are not so keenly aware of it, and the Pan-German firebrands—Jingoes, Junkers, and Armament Profiteers—do not care. Hence the crisis provoked by the last class against the necessary moderation of the political negotiators with the Russians. The forty months' blockade is having its effect.

Mr. H.W. Wilson, in an article in the *Sunday Pictorial* agrees with what we said last week about "the freedom of the seas." A blockade would be impossible except within the three-mile limit of the enemy's territorial waters, and as mines are now laid eight or ten miles out from the shore, even that would be impossible. With this freedom of the seas, the Southern States would never have been conquered by the Northern in the American Civil War, for it was the blockade of their cotton trade that ruined the South. Without the power of blockade, Napoleon would have beaten us; and without our blockade Germany would have won this war long ago. It may be answered that freedom of the seas would mean no submarines. But in a future war, Germany, having got rid of convoys and cruisers, would let loose a fleet of submarines to destroy the enemy who had been silly enough to trust her treaty.

The new Man-Power Bill, introduced by Sir Auckland Geddes on Monday, proposes to take some 450,000 young men from what are now exempted industries and replace them by a like number of men returned from the trenches as wounded or with health impaired. It is a wise and just measure, as the only alternatives are to return those whose wounds are healed to the trenches and to raise the age-limit. We fail to understand why the Government still declines to apply the Military Service Act to Ireland. Of what is the Government afraid? Can it be a Machiavellian policy to make the Irish so unpopular with the English and the Scotch that Home Rule will never be granted? We are surprised that the Irish Nationalist members do not insist on compulsory service being applied to Ireland.

There are now three British armies. There is the old Regular Army, sadly reduced in numbers: there is the Territorial Army, a combination of the Militia, Volun-

teers, and the Reserves; and there is what is called Kitchener's Army, enlisted for the duration of the war. How far these three armies will be fused into one must depend on the terms of peace, and what it may be decided to do in the way of national defence after the war. The officers of the Regular Army and most of the field officers of the Territorial Army are professional soldiers. The officers of Kitchener's Army are for the most part civilians and volunteers. Some of them are N.C.O.'s, some of them are professional and commercial men of good social position and high ability, and some are young University or public school men. There remain some who are none of these things. The fusing of these different constituents into a harmonious whole is very difficult.

It is more than a hundred years since the British Navy was engaged in a great war. It is therefore inevitable that the senior admirals should be deficient in strategy, however accomplished they may be in tactics. Strategy is the planning a naval campaign, the conception of some definite policy: tactics are the actual handling and manœuvring of the fleet. The annual naval manœuvres can teach officers tactics, but they cannot teach them strategy, which must be learned partly from the study of history, and partly from actual warfare. In really great sailors strategy is an instinct, a gift of nature, as much genius as the musical, the poetical, or the scientific power of invention.

The changes at the Admiralty, consisting in the division of the Staff into Operations and Maintenance departments, as well as the retirement of some and the shifting of other individuals, are well enough; and it is to be hoped they may bear fruit in some definite strategical policy. But it is wise to remember that no schemes of reconstruction can give the country a Blake or a Nelson, who is the gift of God. Machinery will produce men, but not, with any certainty, A Man. It is regrettable, but inevitable, that "the canker of a calm world and a long peace" should have issued in acute divisions of opinion as to the strategy and tactics of the Navy. There are two schools, the Fisherites and the Jellicoeites, who abuse one another roundly, and between whom we are quite incompetent to decide. The layman can only judge by broad indisputable results.

Mr. Gerard informs his countrymen that it is idle to expect the war to end in 1918, but that it will probably last three or four years longer. He also warns them that the German U boats (new type) may be expected to bomb American seaboard towns. Whether all this talk is meant for the purpose of "cockering" up the Americans we do not know. Mr. Gerard may be right in his forecast, for nations get into a kind of war-groove, and become accustomed to a great deal of hardship. But from his book we did not form a very high opinion of Mr. Gerard's judgment or tact, and we make allowance for the American habit of exaggeration. A great deal depends on what happens to Russia in the next six months, and on the number of men and aeroplanes that the Americans may be able to transport to the Western front.

Lord Rhondda tells us that before the war Britain imported 40 per cent. of its meat, which this year will not arrive. He also states that our live stock at Smithfield and other markets is 5 per cent. below the normal amount. On these figures we shall have to eat 45 per cent. less meat than usual, at all events for the next few months. It is all very well for Lord Rhondda, who is over 60, to tell the country that he eats very little meat and is the better for it. People in the prime of life, who are working, whether physically or mentally, cannot be expected to regard the matter so philosophically. Nor can the gouty and dyspeptic welcome the news that bread will contain 10 to 20 per cent. of potato flour, for potatoes are starchy and indigestible food. It is well that Carlyle is dead, or the welkin would have rung with his groans, especially as it is all caused by his beloved Germans.

We have suggested to Lord Rhondda that he should publish in all the papers of England and Scotland an authoritative analysis of the constituents of margarine. The reason why so many domestic servants and people of the lower classes (if we may be pardoned an obsolete but scientific term) refuse to eat margarine is that they believe it to be made of mud or sewage. To the editorial palate it is indistinguishable from tasteless butter. In all wars (except the Crimean) there have been food riots. In 1795, three years after the outbreak of the first French war, George III was mobbed on his way to open Parliament in the State-coach, the people crying, "No war: give us bread: no King." Stones rained about the coach, and a shot from a pistol pierced the window. The three peers who were in the coach were much agitated, but the King was calm, and said: "My lords, you are supposing this and proposing that, but there is One who disposes of all things, and in Him I trust."

A man named Bedingfield came to the rescue, and either seized some of the stone-throwers or made way for the horses. The King sent him afterwards to Dundas, in order that some post might be found for him. "Well, my mon," said Dundas, in his breeziest and broadest tones, "what do you want me to do for you?" "Make me a Scotchman," replied Bedingfield, with more wit than prudence. Dundas was so annoyed by this sally, that he sent the man away, and it was only on the King's express commands that some provision was made for him. Many of us in these hard times would like to be made Scotchmen.

The creation of a new Ministry of Health, will, it is clear, raise a royal row, because it is a question of interfering with the functions of two Departments, the Local Government Board and the Education Board. Both these Boards discharge important functions in regard to public health; and from what we know of Boards, they will not easily let go. There is another serious question connected with public health, which we deal with in an article, namely, the existence of the Metropolitan Hospitals and their Medical Schools. With a 40 per cent. income tax, and death duties that will certainly be increased, rich men and women will not have much margin for charitable subscriptions or legacies. We suggest that State aid might be given without State control, as in the case of the Red Cross hospitals. The Metropolitan voluntary hospitals are managed by boards of disinterested and educated gentlemen, and it would be a dangerous experiment to transfer this control to elected public bodies.

Even as there are two Winston Churchills, there are, it seems, two Hensons. There is the Bishop elect of Hereford, round whom a theological controversy rages, and there is "the funniest man in all London," about whom the question is, to go or not to go? Far be it from us to express any opinion as to whether Mr. Leslie Henson should or should not go to the front. But the reason given by a weekly contemporary why he should not go is the funniest thing we have read. As a private Mr. Henson will be paid 1s. 6d. a day. As a hero of the musical stage he earns an income of £200 a week, or £10,000 a year (more than double the Bishop's salary). As £3,000 or £3,500 would be conscripted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, why, asks our contemporary, should the nation lose this revenue? Three thousand pounds out of three thousand millions is no doubt a consideration. But the same question might be asked about many eminent doctors, surgeons, lawyers, engineers, and commercial men, now in the trenches.

The appointment of a Currency and Exchange Committee is overdue, for assuredly there can be no more important questions after the war than the foreign exchanges and the currency. Lord Cunliffe, the Governor of the Bank of England, is the chairman, to whom no exception can be taken, though we cannot say that he has shown any unusual ability when faced with unusual difficulties. Mr. Rupert Beckett and Mr.

Gaspard Farrar strike us as being the two strongest men on the Committee. Mr. Beckett is the most active director of Beckett's Bank at Leeds, the only old family bank that has resisted the modern process of amalgamation. Beckett's Bank stands like a rock against the flood-tide of absorption. Mr. Farrar is a partner in Barings, and like Mr. Herbert Gibbs, represents the merchant bankers.

We are glad to see that the business men in the United States have still some initiative and independence left. The City of London is completely under the thumb of the Treasury and the Controller of Shipping. The United States Chamber of Commerce is determined to use the economic boycott against Germany, whatever President Wilson may say in his messages. America and the British Empire control the production of the precious metals and the raw materials of the world. If America and Britain would only use this economic weapon, plainly, remorselessly, and without regard to particular interests in high finance, Germany would be brought to make terms in a few weeks. Instead of twaddling about democracy, if Messrs. Wilson and George would talk the only universal language, viz., L.S.D., the Germans would respond immediately.

The Irish Convention is approaching the end of its existence, and there is a persistent report that the result is disappointment. Certainly it is no pleasure to be the successful prophet of failure, or to say, "We told you so." But we pointed out, when the Convention started, that there could be no binding settlement or agreement with the Nationalist leaders, because they had ceased to represent the majority of the Irish people, and because the Sinn Feiners had refused to attend. However Irish parties may differ as to forms of government, there is one conclusion on which they generally agree unanimously, that the English taxpayers must give Ireland more money. We should not therefore be surprised to find that the Convention recommends further loans to complete the Land Purchase Act sales.

It is strange that a clever man like Lord Curzon should get himself into such a hopeless muddle as he has done over the Revolution Bill. First of all he says the Government are not responsible for the Bill: that an "overburdened Cabinet" took the findings of the Speaker's Conference "without troubling about them." That is *gaffe* No. 1: for if the Cabinet were overburdened by the war, as well they might be, they should have put off the Revolution Bill until such time as they could attend to it. *Gaffe* No. 2 is worse. Lord Curzon makes a magnificent speech against the enfranchisement of women (he being the President of the Anti-Suffrage League) shows that it is the biggest leap in the dark, or rather into catastrophe, ever made by a civilized country: finds something new, and eloquent and terrifying to say on this threadbare theme: and finally announces that he will not vote at all!

The reason? Why, the House of Commons has passed the Bill by a large majority, and this particular clause by a very large majority: so what sense is there in the House of Lords rejecting it? The Bill would only be returned with the clause re-inserted, and the Lords would then be humiliated by having to give way. Why? The Lords might insist on their amendment: and then the Bill would have to wait three years until under the Parliament Act it would be passed without the Lords' assent. But if the House of Lords is never to reject a Bill or amend a clause which has been passed by a large majority of the House of Commons, why keep a House of Lords?

The function of the House of Lords is to reject Bills which are wholly bad, and to amend Bills which are partially bad, no matter by what majorities they have been carried in the House of Commons. The Naval Prize Bill in 1911 was passed by a large majority of the House of Commons: by rejecting it the House of Lords

saved the Empire. The truth is that Lord Curzon has never before been confronted by a difficult political situation, requiring courage and prompt decision. After a few successful speeches in the House of Commons, he was sent at an unusually early age to India as Viceroy. A prolonged term as Oriental despot confirmed instead of correcting his faults of temperament; and the first time that he has been faced by a real political difficulty he has shown a clean pair of heels.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh proposed a referendum to all the electors, and Lord Halifax proposed a referendum to the female municipal voters. The first was withdrawn, and the second defeated — naturally, because a referendum, either universal or limited, would have involved delay and deliberation, and we have apparently determined to destroy the Constitution without deliberation and delay. This is not the time to discuss the referendum, which has been tried in some of the States of America and in Australia. In Oregon the referendum has produced chaos: in Australia, according to Lord Denman, its results are indistinguishable from a party election. We do not blame the British Bolsheviks for pushing on the Revolution Bill under cover of the war: it is their opportunity. We blame the leaders of the Conservative Party, Mr. Walter Long, Mr. Bonar Law, and Lord Curzon, for betraying the vast and fragile interests committed to their trusteeship. These leaders would have done better to remain in Opposition: the war would have gone on just as well without them, and they might have insisted on the Government sticking to the war.

The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who died last Monday at 85, was one of the few distinguished heads of the academic world with reputations reaching back for many years. A Senior Classic, he was the son of a Senior Wrangler, and the husband and father of accomplished classics. At 26 he became headmaster of Harrow, as his father had been, and ruled it with great success for more than a quarter of a century. For a longer period he was Master of Trinity, eminent both in dignity and in suave hospitality. No one gave away prizes and made speeches so gracefully as he at Harrow, and at Trinity he was for several years one of the best speakers of his day, admirable in banter and witty, and not the worse for lacking the mordant humour of his predecessor, Thompson, in a restricted society where many people are too chary of their reputations to do themselves justice.

A man, said Jowett, is as good as anybody else until he has written a book. Butler was the fresher for not spending himself on a learned treatise. A master of English idiom, an excellent letter-writer, and a man of many friends, he retained much of his vigour and all of his enthusiasms in old age. His book, 'Some Leisure Hours of a Long Life' (1914), shows his grace and facility in classical and English verse, also his rare skill in the difficult art of writing epitaphs. No one was greater at a commemoration: he was Master of Trinity and of epigraphy.

Mr. Barnes, after apparently condemning in round terms Mr. Churchill's mischievous action as Munitions Minister, explains that he and others share the responsibility for the 12½ per cent. advance. This bonus, which is simply a bribe, has upset the Labour world, and will ultimately lead to some kind of revolution or civil war. All the trouble in which we are now plunged could have been avoided at first by fixing wages instead of prices. If men are forced from well-paid employments into the trenches at 1s. 6d. a day, why should those who are left behind not be forced to work at a fixed wage? Why should scrubby little boys, and incompetent and impertinent girls be paid fantastic weekly wages? The handworkers are amongst the worst profiteers, as Mr. Barnes has admitted. We hear about the conscription of wealth and of life. The only conscription never mentioned is that of Labour. Why, finally, are the German prisoners not forced to work?

"YES, AUNT!"

THE French, with their unrivalled genius for euphemism, substitute for our ugly word "blackmail" the more agreeable term *chantage*, a singing. The singer is called *la tante*, "the Aunt," for no greater reason perhaps than we call a pawn-broker "Uncle." The essence of blackmail, we have been told by successive judges, is the extortion of money or money's worth by menaces, which consist of threats of either moral or material damage, of physical violence, or of attacks in writing or in speech, either made privately in letters or publicly in newspapers. The only form of *chantage* which is not indictable is the political, because it is made under "a patriot's all-atoning name." It is obvious that the Prime Minister is surrounded by Aunts, who make various demands with threats of invective or opposition, to all of which the unhappy victim answers, Yes, Aunt.

The most attractive and expensive of these Aunts is Mr. Winston Churchill. When the public discovered that Mr. Churchill had talked down Lords Fisher and Kitchener, and let us in for the glorious gamble of Gallipoli, they demanded his dismissal, and even the good-natured Mr. Asquith had to let him go. A few months' soldiering, a year's journalism and landscape-painting were enough for Mr. Churchill. He cast about, and decided to form and lead an extreme Labour Party, composed of Syndicalists and Fabians. The Prime Minister was as much alarmed as Newcastle used to be at a hint that Pitt was going to lead the Patriots against him. But Mr. Churchill's terms were absolute: readmission to the Cabinet or Syndicalism *à outrance*. With much difficulty the matter was compromised by the retirement of Dr. Addison and the appointment of Mr. Churchill to the Ministry of Munitions. The price was a stiff one. An increase of wages of 12½ per cent., which will amount to £120,000,000 a year, was at once given to Mr. Churchill's bully boys. A very expensive Aunt is Mr. Churchill, but his tongue is still fascinating; there are still glints of gold upon his head, and about his garments there still hangs a faint aroma of Blenheim and of dukes.

A less agreeable, but less costly, Aunt is Lord Northcliffe. No savage chief ever laid ear to ground to catch the footstep of the foe with greater anxiety than Mr. Lloyd George listens to the whisperings of the Press. Delane interfered violently and rudely with the conduct of the Crimean War; but then he was only *The Times*, and he confined his interference to the columns of that journal. Lord Northcliffe and his brother control a dozen or more newspapers; and he does not confine his interference to leading articles, as the private correspondence of more than one Cabinet Minister could prove. He has made many and various demands with regard to the Admiralty, all of which have been almost instantly conceded—let us hope that the event will justify the concessions. As to the methods by which these changes have been brought about, we should like to cross-examine a brace of Cabinet Ministers and an Admiral. Though not so expensive as Mr. Churchill, Lord Northcliffe costs something. Heaven knows what has been and is being spent on the so-called American Mission, or what its functions may be. To all demands from this quarter there is but one answer—*Oui, ma tante!*

Mr. Arthur Henderson is an Aunt of a quite different order, for he is merely the mouthpiece of others. He represents, or says he represents, organised Labour, and to the Prime Minister the face of the Trades-Unions is very terrible. Mr. Henderson makes no demands of his own, for he has no ideas of his own, none except those that are supplied to him by the Fabian and revolutionary anarchists. At one time it was thought that he could be got rid of by sending him as Ambassador to Petrograd, and he actually went on a trial trip to that capital, from which he returned a sadder, a poorer, but not, we fear, a wiser man. Since the advent of the shop-steward, who has new and more terrifying demands up his sleeve, Aunt Henderson has lost prestige.

The most amiable, the least costly, but the most mysterious of all is Aunt Isaacs. It is morally and

physically impossible that one small head can contain all the knowledge which the Prime Minister rewards in the man who a few years ago was Sir Rufus Isaacs and is now the Earl of Reading. Law, Finance, and Diplomacy are three distinct departments of life, and the man who succeeds in any one is rightly saluted in the market-place as great. But Lord Chief Justice, Loanmonger Extraordinary, Envoy Extraordinary, and Lord High Commissioner—the brain reels at the combination! Villiers was thought wonderful enough; but he was only "chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon," and he ended badly, "in the worst inn's worst room." We do not pretend to understand the extraordinary influence which Lord Reading exercises over the Prime Minister, nor do we suggest that the Auntship is other than that of affectionate adoption. There is, of course, but one safe way of dealing with blackmailers—at once to send for the police. In this case the nation is the police, and we advise the Prime Minister to shake off his tormentors by appealing to the country for a vote of confidence in his conduct of the war. We believe that Mr. Lloyd George would obtain that vote of confidence, for the excellent reason that he has no competitor. Armed with the nation's mandate, the Prime Minister could then indulge in the luxury of a mind of his own, instead of being blown about by every breath of journalism, and pulled this way and that by rival and irresponsible advisers.

LORD CURZON'S LEADERSHIP.

LORD CURZON'S conduct in abstaining from the division on the woman's vote may be criticised from two points of view. There is the question of tactics, i.e., the immediate practical consequence of abstention, and there is the question of public principle. Mrs. Humphry Ward accuses Lord Curzon of having "probably detached some thirty votes from the Anti-Suffrage side," and of having so far as he could "made a present of the suffrage" to its advocates. To this Lord Curzon replies that as Lord Loreburn's amendment was defeated by sixty, and only about a dozen abstentionists followed his lead, his conduct could not have affected the result. Surely this is a disingenuous argument. How can Lord Curzon tell how many peers who voted against Lord Loreburn's amendment would have voted for it, if he, Lord Curzon, had announced his intention of voting, instead of running away? Men will follow a leader who has the courage to support his opinion by his vote. But if their leader will not lead, they may be excused for choosing the safer side.

The question of principle is more important, because more far-reaching, than the question of tactics. In all bicameral Constitutions, the Second Chamber exists for the purpose of checking and revising the first or more popular Chamber. Is the leader of the Second Chamber justified in speaking strongly against a measure, as dangerous to the public weal, and then refusing to vote against it because the First Chamber has passed it by a large majority? If he is, then we fail to see the use of a Second Chamber. The British are a practical nation, and will pay no attention or respect to speeches which end in no result. Ever since Lord Salisbury's death the House of Lords, under the guidance alternately of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Curzon, has betrayed this cowardice, and that is why it is now a doomed body. In 1906 Lord Lansdowne described the Trades Disputes Act as "a reign of license inaugurated by the recklessness of the Government." Lord Halsbury characterised it as "outrageously unjust . . . legalising tyranny . . . the most disgraceful Act ever submitted to the Legislature." Yet Lord Lansdowne advised the peers to pass the Bill because "it would not be a favourable ground" for their lordships on which to fight a battle with the House of Commons. Are we then to infer that the House of Lords does not consider whether a Bill be good or bad for the nation, but whether it be a favourable battleground for their lordships? In 1910, under the advice of Lord Rosebery, whom Mr. Lloyd George wittily described as "a soft-nosed torpedo," the House

of Lords resolved that an hereditary peerage should not confer a right to sit and vote in the House of Lords. In 1911 Lords Lansdowne and Curzon peeped through a glass-door, or looked down from a gallery, while a handful of their more courageous fellows were voting against the Parliament Act. Cowardice never pays, in war, in business, or in politics. It is astonishing that a man of Lord Curzon's intelligence does not see that he is placing a terrible weapon in the hands of the opponents of the House of Lords. Can he not realise that he is writing down the House of Lords as unworthy to exist, if its only thought is to save its own skin instead of the country? The great Lord Halifax, the Trimmer, said caustically, "when a man throweth himself down, nobody careth to take him up again." Under the trembling leadership, or no leadership, of Lords Lansdowne, Rosebery, and Curzon, the peers have thrown themselves down.

Into the question whether Lord Curzon has broken faith with the Anti-Suffrage League, of which he is the President, we cannot enter, as the facts are disputed by Mrs. Ward and Lord Curzon. In politics, as in love, we think with Charles Surface that "honour" is best left out of the question. But we beg Lord Curzon to reflect (if he can spare the time from the war and his private affairs) that his renunciation of responsibility on the second reading of this revolutionary Bill and his abstention from voting on the female franchise are the negation, not only of statesmanship, but of all government.

THE FUTURE OF VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS.

CHARITY and private enterprise are excellent things, and civilisation owes much more to them than to the initiative of Governments. But just as the principle of prescriptive rights of way is rooted in public justice, so the compulsory continuance of any work begun in charity may become a matter of public concern. The future of civil voluntary hospitals is a subject which must before long attract public notice in this connection. Existing accommodation is obviously insufficient, if only on account of the large number of disabled soldiers who cannot be treated in military establishments, and naturally must not be sent to Poor Law institutions. In addition the financial situation is now really threatening, as opposed to the old endemic condition of which we were accustomed to hear before the war, and under which hopeless debt almost invariably opened the road to renewed prosperity. But bankers can no longer regard this paradoxical phenomenon as a satisfactory security for overdrafts. The great reservoirs of charitable effort, which were accustomed in the past to turn on their main supply to hospitals, have been tapped as never before by war charities. And the reservoirs themselves are in imminent danger of running low owing to the tax collector's energies. Nor are dwindling receipts with extending scope the only difficulties. The cost of drugs and other special requirements of physicians and surgeons has increased out of all proportion to the advance in prices of general commodities, which are themselves the heaviest items in hospital budgets. The ordinary expenditure of London hospitals alone was, in 1916, £171,000 more than in 1913; and the figures for 1917 must show a further large increase. In some important particular instances the effect of these converging forces is even more startling. Thus, in one large London hospital, with an important medical school, the total ordinary expenditure in 1916 exceeded the total ordinary income by nearly £18,000, and but for a fortuitous legacy of £33,000 that deficit would have had to be faced. If for no other reasons, it seems unlikely that testators will be encouraged to leave great sums to hospitals in the future when they see, as in this case, more than half the total amount of a considerable bequest swallowed up by the current expenses of a single year. The fact is the whole structure of the voluntary hospital service is tottering, not owing to managerial, but to financial weakness, and there is no getting away from the question—What is to be done?

People who bring most glibness to bear on the subject of State or rate-supported hospitals are generally those with least knowledge of the factors in the problem. Indeed they generally speak as if there were no problem. They point to Poor Law infirmaries, many of which are most efficient hospitals, and ask why general hospitals cannot be conducted on similar lines; and they say the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that the staff of a voluntary hospital ought to be paid like the staff of a law court. But the question is not to be disposed of in this simple-hearted fashion. As things are at present in this country the voluntary hospitals are the only means of clinical instruction available for the medical profession. They are also the chief means of observation and research. The public is dependent on them for a due supply of competent doctors to an extent likely to be realised in the near future a good deal more than it has been in the past. And what we owe to the scientific work done, with a more or less free hand, in the voluntary hospital constitutes a standing and increasing debt to which no one but a fool would wish to put a period. It is, of course, absurd to speak of a surgeon's unpaid hospital work as benevolence. It is nothing of the kind. It is necessity, but it is a mutual necessity. In the past hospitals have actually been founded by doctors in order to provide clinics. A specialist has no other means of becoming a specialist except attending an enormous number of cases suffering from the disease in which he specialises. His pupils attend his lectures and witness his clinical work in the hospital, and when they are themselves launched in general practice they naturally and wisely send up to him those of their patients who require a consultant's advice. Thus everybody's turn is served in the long run. The patient has the best of treatment for nothing, but it is treatment under a mild discipline, which to the doctor makes all difference between a hospital and a private house. The doctor receives no fee from the patient, but his pupils are allowed to see what he does. The medical students get an education; and at long last the consultant is paid by private patients. We have, it is true, heard of distinguished operating surgeons being retained during the present war at a fee of £5,000 a year for surgical work and nothing else. But does anyone suppose that in time of peace municipalities would pay such fees? They would be much more likely to underpay and overwork their medical officers, to turn them into hide-bound officials, and quench any scientific aspirations they might have. In such circumstances the best men of the rising generation would look elsewhere for a profession less shackled and more profitable.

But to say this is to state a case, not to destroy one. Hospitals there must be, and if the voluntary system utterly failed, the State would be obliged to step in, with all its misplaced extravagance and wasteful parsimony, its harassing forms and selfish safeguards. But there is a long step between financial assistance and complete control, and medical research and education supply the best reason for not taking it. We thoroughly agree with the contention that money intended for the relief of the sick poor, whether derived from voluntary contributions, or rates, or taxation, should be devoted to its proper object. King Edward's Hospital Fund rightly declines to allow any of its grants to be used for the maintenance of medical schools. People who wish to assist medical education can do so on their own account. The only sound reason, however, for educating medical students generally at other people's expense is public necessity. There is no doubt that the fees for a five years' course of study, added to the cost of living for the same period, make up a formidable bill to foot, especially when it is remembered that the ordinary general practitioner has to work very hard for no great reward. In an appeal for the endowment of the London Hospital Medical College it is stated that "efficient medical education cannot be so conducted as to be self-supporting." This may or may not be so. But if it is, if the conditions of medical education are too onerous to attract the right kind of men in sufficient numbers, then the State, as it has done before in other cases, must, for its own sake, give assistance, while still

allowing the profession of medicine to manage its own educational affairs and to conduct its own business as freely as does every other profession. Under any other condition the personnel will assuredly deteriorate to the infinite injury of the community.

How is such freedom to be secured if the doctors' workshops, the hospitals, are dependent on elected local bodies, which always provide the most favourable field for jealousy, personal antagonism, party feeling, and general crankiness? We think a solution may be found in the course adopted for the maintenance of wounded soldiers in the numerous Red Cross hospitals open at the present time. These useful, indeed indispensable, institutions are set on foot, equipped and managed by private effort. But before any wounded soldiers are sent to them they are officially inspected and pronounced suitable cases for admission to the hospitals. Thereafter the Government pays so much a day for every patient. We can see no good reason why, on some such basis, the voluntary civil hospitals should not be assisted to carry on their work as at present. Some reasonable regulations would no doubt be necessary in respect of the class of patient for whom the capitation grants would be paid. There is no mistake about a wounded soldier in the Red Cross hospital; but not everyone who obtains admission to a civil hospital ought to be there. For the reasons we have already mentioned, however, it is to the interest of the doctors not to treat people in hospitals who can afford to pay for treatment elsewhere. And if they do so in certain cases, for special reasons or by inadvertence, there should be no real difficulty in applying a test in the interests of the contributing authority. With machinery at work all over the country for ascertaining whether the income of labourers entitles them to old age pensions, or whether clerks earn as much as £130 a year, it is idle to say that there would be any real difficulty in protecting the public from imposition. The arrangement would, of course, require careful consideration from various other points of view into which we cannot enter now. None of them, however, appears to us to present any extraordinary difficulty.

SPODE AND CHAMBERLAIN.

JOSIAH Spode, the Prince of Potters, was born in the year 1733, and, like so many of his brilliant contemporaries, was a Quaker. He was apprenticed at the age of 16 to the celebrated Thomas Whieldon, at Fenton, on April 9th, 1749, for three years, at a weekly wage of 2s. 3d., or 2s. 6d., "if he deserved it." Apparently he did deserve it, for in February, 1752, his Master hired him for a further seven months at a weekly wage of 7s., he then being 19 years of age. No wonder Whieldon left a fortune, when he could get fine workmen at this rate. We find Josiah worked for this munificent wage for two years, as in 1754 Thomas Whieldon raised his wages 6d. per week, probably to celebrate Josiah's attaining his majority. Whether this princely rise of 6d. stuck in Josiah's gills, or he thought that being 21 and married, he would strike out for himself we do not know, but, at any rate, he left his old Master and started in a very small way at Stoke-upon-Trent to manufacture all sorts of jasper ware and pottery in various colours, and became the founder of one of the most successful china manufactories in the world. It was in 1754 that Josiah Wedgwood joined Thomas Whieldon as a partner. How remarkable that these two great men, who probably did more for English Ceramics than any other two Englishmen, should the one be leaving and the other joining Thomas Whieldon at the same time! Both were Josiahs, both Quakers, and both made fortunes.

The year 1754 was the most important one in Josiah Spode's life. He started for himself in business, and his son Josiah was born. This son in his turn became one of the greatest Potters of his day and generation, if not the greatest, for it is owing to one of his many improvements in pottery that England took the lead early in the last century, and sold far and wide the

celebrated stone china which he invented, and which for many of its qualities has never yet been surpassed.

Josiah Spode the Second was made Royal Porcelain Manufacturer in 1806. We find, however, very few pieces with the Royal Crown. He used it for a very short time, as for some reason, perhaps as being a Quaker, or a Jacobin in politics, Josiah Spode dropped the Crown, and kept the plain mark of Spode alone on his wares. The Crown used by the Spode Factory was a small one, and was impressed in the paste.

The earliest marks of the factory are the name Spode printed in blue, also the letter A or B in blue with the word Spode impressed. This was used by J. Spode, Senr., when he began business, and upon pottery only. The word Spode impressed alone was used in the various jasper and terra cotta wares, etc. The written mark Spode in gold and colours found on early porcelain was Josiah Spode, Senior's, own signature and writing.

When the factory began to make porcelain about 1790 Thomas Minton, who had learned his trade with Thos. Turner of Caughley, assisted in printing the celebrated Willow pattern on tea and coffee services in blue and white. Minton had printed the first Willow Pattern Service ever made in England while he was at Caughley. The earliest Spode Willow pattern tea services have fluted tea cups without handles, the pattern having two figures only on the bridge and the Temple on the left hand side.

The workmen's marks on Spode, as on Worcester, are very numerous, and from these it seems certain that the same hands, at some time or other, worked at both factories. They regarded their marks as their own, and not their employer's, and used them indifferently wherever they were working, and the same marks are found on pieces made at different factories, proving how the men travelled from place to place, only staying as long as suited their nomadic habits.

In spite of Spodes having over 5,000 pattern numbers nothing was permitted to leave the factory but of the best of its kind and perfect. All imperfect pieces were destroyed, and, unlike other factories, Spodes never sold their porcelain in the white to be painted on by amateurs or professionals, and, therefore, one does not find Spode Porcelain with a painting or decoration that is a puzzle to posterity in the same way as one so frequently does on Worcester, Derby, Swansea, and Nantyarw.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, visited the factory in the year 1806, with his brother, the Duke of Clarence. They were on a visit to Liverpool, and the Regent could not go anywhere near a china factory without paying it a visit, with a view, like the present German Emperor, of giving the owners some hints how to improve their manufacture, and, indeed, he was a great lover and judge of fine porcelain. He was on terms of personal friendship with the Chamberlains, who had left the old Dr. Wall Worcester Factory and started one of their own at Worcester. The Prince was never tired of running into the Chamberlains' London depot in Bond Street, and spent many pleasant hours there in consultation with them. In fact, he was so interested in them that he wished to have Young Humphrey Chamberlain, one of their most talented workmen, permanently at the Court. Humphrey's father—Robert Chamberlain, the founder of Chamberlain's Worcester factory, however, could not spare him from the works, but at the Regent's request allowed Humphrey to paint various pieces for the Prince, including a special service.

Humphrey Chamberlain was a perfect genius in painting on china, especially figures and sporting subjects. He himself was a keen sportsman, often sitting up nearly all night to do his painting work for the factory by candle light, in order that he could be away shooting during the day. His sporting subjects are specially clever, and one of his favourite paintings was his own spaniel in the act of retrieving a wounded bird, or of turning birds out of cover. Humphrey's style was his own, and he was very impatient of any teaching, hence his lack of the Baxter finish in his portraits. At the same time, they are well worth collecting, and are much sought after and are rapidly

rising in value. Humphrey Chamberlain, to the regret of all who knew him, died from a chill at the early age of 33, in the year 1824.

The Regent's interest, and for a wonder, knowledge in the manufacture of china, were so great that he got the Chamberlains to try a porcelain mixture of his own at their factory, which they did and called it "Regent Porcelain," and it is the best and most expensive of the Chamberlain manufactures, and should be acquired whenever possible. Regent Porcelain is so marked on all articles made of it. The Prince was so interested in what he saw at the Spode Factory, and so struck with the superiority of the Felspar Porcelain to his Regent Paste, that for once he could not suggest an improvement, and to show his approval he made Josiah Spode "Potter to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales." The mark with the Prince of Wales' feathers records the fact, and is to be seen on the dinner service made for the Prince.

Queen Charlotte visited the factory July 3rd, 1817, with the Princess Elizabeth, and gave various orders for different wares, including an iron stone dinner service, pieces of which from time to time turn up in auction sale rooms. It is very apparent that unless we want Americans to take the remaining Spode, Flight and Barr and Chamberlain Worcester blend left in the country, English people should collect what they can and retain what they have.

GEORGE HERBERT.

A TINY church, so small that twenty cottagers gathered under its roof would seem a large congregation: an old gabled rectory: a cluster of houses: and beyond church and houses a typical Wiltshire valley through which among its tranquil water-meadows flows the Wylve River. Bemerton has now become almost a suburb of Salisbury, yet the little village still preserves its individuality. The sanctity of "Holie Mr. Herbert," the atmosphere of his poetry and the memory of his character still linger there, though for nearly three hundred years the Wylve has wandered through the meadows to meet its sister streams the Avon and the Bourne, since last he took his accustomed walk along its banks. In Bemerton he worked and taught, he comforted the poor and the sad; there the greater part of his poetry was written, and there after a short three years of work he was laid to rest under the altar of the little church. Yet, though his time there was short, few poets are so closely connected with one particular place as he is with Bemerton.

In 1593 at Montgomery Castle George Herbert was born. His father, Sir Richard Herbert, belonged to the family of the Earls of Pembroke. At first educated privately, George Herbert went at the age of twelve to Westminster School and thence to Cambridge, where he graduated in 1611. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, and was subsequently appointed Public Orator of the University. While holding this office he came into frequent contact with King James, and is said to have spent a great part of his time at the court. By the death of James the First he was deprived of court patronage, and soon afterwards decided to become a clergyman, thereby fulfilling his mother's long-felt wish. Some critics of his life consider that outward circumstances alone were responsible for this change in his career, but, though the superficial observer may come to this conclusion, it is probable that the chief cause lay in his own nature. As Ernest Renan says, "*La vraie marque d'une vocation est l'impossibilité d'y forfaire, c'est à dire de réussir à autre chose que ce pour quoi l'on a été créé,*" and there is little doubt that when George Herbert "changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat" he "found" himself in a far fuller sense than would have ever been possible at Whitehall.

But evidently he was not entirely forgotten by the court, for it appears that before he was actually ordained Charles the First gave him as a sinecure the parish of Layton Ecclesia, in Huntingdonshire. Here he became the friend of Nicholas Ferrar, to whose

keeping Herbert on his death-bed entrusted the manuscript of his poems.

A hundred years before George Herbert's day the great spiritual blast which swept over Europe brought in its train a remoulding of the forms of religious belief, and in some countries the Roman Catholic Church fell like a mighty tree before a storm. But in England there grew from its roots a tall and graceful sapling which, while free from the chief defects and excrescences, preserved many of the best qualities of the parent tree. Moderation has often been said to be the virtue of the Anglican Church. "The British Church" avoids both the excessive ornament of the Roman religion and the plainness of other Protestant Churches. In Herbert's own words:—

" . . . what those miss,
The mean thy praise and glory is."

Herbert is the most sincere poet of this religion of moderation, but apart entirely from religion he is in the first rank of the lyrical poets of the early seventeenth century, that afterglow of the great Elizabethan age of literature. His verse is full of a sincerity of poetic feeling which stamps it at once as the work of a true poet, and in spite of his occasional quaintness, his language is free from the obscurity of some of the poetry of his time. A more typical example of his best manner cannot be found than the poem entitled "Virtue," a little touch even of his quaintness being given here and there:—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

The first three stanzas remind us of a poem, "Go, lovely rose," by one of Herbert's contemporaries. The insincere and time-serving Waller, however, would have been quite incapable of writing the last stanza, for lyrical poetry is the expression of personality: to "look in thy heart and write" is Sidney's precept which a poet must above all else follow. This George Herbert has done. His temperament is so fully revealed in his verse that, if there were no other record of his life, readers of "The Temple" would feel that they knew him as a friend. His verse is full of the gentleness and humbleness of his character: everywhere is shown that thirst for God which caused him to abandon all his plans of worldly advancement.

Since, Lord, to Thee
A narrow way and little gate
Is all the passage, on my infancy
Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
My faith in me.
O let me still
Write Thee "great God," and me "a child":
Let me be soft and supple to Thy will,
Small to myself, to others mild,
Behither ill.
Although by stealth
My flesh get on; yet let her sister,
My soul, bid nothing, but preserve her wealth;
The growth of flesh is but a blister;
Childhood is health.

Some writers are remembered solely for their written work, others there are who, like Samuel Johnson, are remembered chiefly on account of their personality. To neither class does George Herbert entirely belong. It is impossible to consider his poetry without being reminded of what is known elsewhere of his character,

or to think of his life without observing how naturally it gave birth to his poetry.

For the incidents connected with his life Isaac Walton is the chief authority, and, judging by his account, George Herbert must have been the ideal country clergyman. Scholar, courtier, gentleman, his experience of the world gave him a larger and more sympathetic outlook towards his flock than would have been possible had his vision from early manhood been circumscribed by the narrow boundaries of a country parish. He was no condemner of innocent pleasures. "His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master." Twice a week he went to "a private music meeting" in Salisbury, where "he would usually sing and play his part . . . and to justify this practice he would often say, religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

Many touching stories are told of his intimate and loving relation with his parishioners, especially the poorer ones. Once an old woman who was in trouble came to him but was "surprised with a fear" which "begot a shortness of breath so that her spirits and speech failed her." Herbert, taking her by the hand, said, "Speak, good mother; be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities, too, if I be able." His kind words and gentle manner so reassured her that the old woman soon forgot her fears and told her troubles. "And having with patience heard and understood her wants . . . he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God and praying for him." He was untiring in the discharge of his parochial duties, but this life of cheerful godliness was prematurely ended by "a consumption." He died in 1633 in his fortieth year.

To the closing years of George Herbert's life few lines are so applicable as those of his friend John Donne, who died shortly before him:—

"Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of Angels evermore
I shall be thy music;
I tune my instrument here at the door
And what I must do there, think here before."

And, indeed, Herbert did more than tune his instrument, he made for it songs so sweet and true, so full of heavenly music, that as long as the English language lasts and lyric verse is held of value they will keep their place, sweet roses of undying fragrance from the garden of his soul.

CONTRAST

"TWO NAVAL LOSSES."
"NEW YEAR'S HONOURS."

—*Morning Papers*, Jan. 1, '18.

Honour's in the trenches,
Stamping frozen feet;
Honour's on the bitter seas,
Up and down her beat;
Honour's deep beneath the waves,
Watching the foe's lair;
Honour's up a mile or two
In the icy air.

Here's the mouthing member,
Here's the profiteer,
Here's the man who gives large cheques
To make his meaning clear;
Here's the little local god,
And the advertising crew,
And Somebody's friend and the man who'd bend
To every wind that blew.

Honour's where the flag flies
Over raging seas;
Honour's where the flag lies,
A victor still, at ease,
Deep beneath all stormings,
With the men whom Fame shall write
In script of gold, while the world-tale's told,
And Honour's name is bright. —P.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LORD WEMYSS AND SIR ARTHUR YAPP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I fear the pressure of Sir A. Yapp's dual duties made him quite miss the point of my letter in your issue of January 5th.

Assuredly none of your readers, I least of all, would grudge our soldiers anything the Y.M.C.A. gave away to them. Were I to venture to criticise so formidable an organization as the Y.M.C.A. has now become it certainly would not be on the ground of their gifts either to the wounded or the unwounded.

My letter had quite a different object. If, as many people think very unwisely, Sir Arthur Yapp is to be at once Missionary for Food Economy and Business Manager of the Y.M.C.A., meticulous accuracy should be expected to characterise his every utterance.

He says in his letter to you that the original report of his speech was incomplete. He does not say it was incorrect, but if it was not incorrect Sir Arthur out of his own mouth is convicted of inaccuracy, and my letter, written in order to give him an opportunity of justifying his original statement, has unfortunately failed in its object.—Yours faithfully,

62, Cadogan Square, S.W.,
January 15, 1918.

WEMYSS.

ALSACE-LORRAINE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In your last issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW you charge both the Premier and Mr. Wilson with "a curious confusion of mind on the subject of Alsace-Lorraine and the German Colonies," because while in favour of the restoration of the former to France they are not in favour of the restoration of the latter to Germany; and you state that if the one is "a wrong to be righted" so is the other. But surely the two cases can be materially differentiated.

Alsace-Lorraine was a part of France with the assent of its people when it was by conquest forcibly taken from France and annexed by Germany, against the wishes and protests of its people, and its restoration is desired by them. The German Colonies became German by conquest and against the wishes of their inhabitants, and they certainly have no desire to be replaced under the rule of Germany. What the Premier and Mr. Wilson, rightly or wrongly, advocate in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, would be in accordance with the principle of "self-determination" and racial union which is part of their general policy, whereas the return of the German Colonies to Germany most certainly would not. You were, I think, if I may respectfully say so, a little hasty in charging them with "confusion of mind" on this subject.—Yours faithfully,

W. L. LYNDEN-BELL.

Temple, January 14, 1918.

MRS. BESANT, THE INDIAN BOLSHIEVICS AND THE BAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your reference to Mrs. Besant's activities in India suggests to me that it would be well to enlighten your home readers as to the true inwardness of the comedy which is being played there at present under the guise of politics. The following passage occurs in *The Times* second leader of January 2:—"Mrs. Besant was placed in this unusual position by the process of suddenly packing the Calcutta Reception Committee with new members, most of whom are said to have belonged to the Junior Bar." The unusual position was President of the National Congress. Why did the Junior Bar enthrone Mrs. Besant? Another reference to the leading journal will help us to understand. Under the heading, "Mrs. Besant's View of Native Grievances," a letter from that lady appeared in the issue of May 20, 1914, demanding "the separa-

tion of the executive and judicial functions of the magistrates." She urged that "it was needed for the fair administration of justice." This movement was instigated by the Junior Bar not in the interests of justice but for the behoof of the Junior Bar. It has met with a considerable measure of success. Under a recommendation of the recent Commission, "forty district and Sessions judicial posts are to be reserved for members of the Indian Bar." On which the leading journal comments as follows:—"This will be popular in the law libraries; but we fear it will still further disincite British civil servants from electing to go on the already weak judicial side." The cry for separation of executive from judicial functions is a convenient mask for the prosecution of a feud which has always been covertly or openly maintained by the Bar against the judicial side of the civil service. This is not the place for a discussion of the subject. Suffice it to say here that on no other question are the opinions of the Anglo-Indian laity so hopelessly at variance with those of the Bar. Not only so, but the Indian moderates are mainly on the side of the Anglo-Indian laity.

It is not suggested that Mrs. Besant is insincere in her published opinions on this subject. Quite possibly she believes that forensic gifts are commonly found in association with the judicial faculty, and that it is part of the order of Nature that the Bar should produce the Bench.

But there are other services of more doubtful character, of which the Presidency of the National Congress may be considered the reward. All Anglo-Indians are aware of the great illusion cherished by millions of Hindus about the existence of a golden age in India before the advent of the Europeans. No more preposterous fiction ever took possession of the popular mind. The true friends of India endeavour to dispel this foolish fancy. Mrs. Besant, on the contrary, pretends to adduce evidence tending to establish India's claim to an unique position and a special revelation. The following statement is quoted from the (American) *Nation* of June 11, 1914: it is from the pen of Mr. James Bisset Pratt, a contributor on Indian subjects. He writes: "In her address at the recent Jain Convention in Benares, I heard Mrs. Besant state, quite soberly, that Manu was the father of the race; and, of course, she batted all twenty-four of the Jain Tirthantakaras as historical personages. The next day at the annual meeting of the Theosophical Society, she declared (with great solemnity and loud applause) that the Vedas were eternal; that the Upanishads were brought into India by the Toltecs from the sunken continent of Atlantis, at the time when India was rising from the bed of the ocean; and that she knew this because "occult research had recovered" a large part of the ancient Toltec literature."

This is the pseudo-sagawoman—a Cagliostro in petticoats—who finds fictitious support for Indian Bolsheviks' extravagance.—I am etc.,

ANGLO-INDIAN.

PUBLIC SCHOOL EDUCATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the interesting controversy on public school education which has been ranging through your columns for some months, you seem to me to have hit the nail on the head in one of your editorials, when you said that the two cardinal questions are: Shall there be specialisation at our public schools? If so, at what age shall specialisation begin? By specialisation we all mean the special training or equipment for a particular trade or profession. May I ask not at what age should specialisation begin but whether any specialisation is possible—or, if possible, desirable—at any of our public schools?

About the age of sixteen I take it that an ordinarily clever and industrious boy is entering the classical or mathematical sixth form. What machinery or equipment exists—or can be devised to exist—to train him

in the special knowledge requisite to become an engineer, a chartered accountant, a stockbroker, a merchant, a director of a bank, railway or trust company, a barrister, a doctor, a soldier, or a sailor? The thing is impossible; indeed, the experiment has been tried, and abandoned.

In 1859, Wellington College was founded, mainly by the efforts of the Prince Consort, to educate the sons of officers who had fallen in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny—the foundation being intended to commemorate the life and example of the Great Duke. There were a certain number of foundation scholarships for the sons of officers who had fallen in action, and the sons of living officers were admitted on more favourable terms—i.e., at lower rates of fees—than the sons of civilians. The idea was that Wellington should be a specialised school, a training-ground for future officers, a preparatory school for Woolwich and Sandhurst. Accordingly, a modern side—then a novelty—a mathematical school, was started side by side with the ordinary classical school, in order to prepare boys specially for Woolwich and Sandhurst. It was an attempt at specialisation at school. Has it succeeded as such?

As an ordinary public school of the Clifton-Marlbrough - Cheltenham - Rugby - Uppingham class, Wellington has been a success, owing to the competence of its masters and the beauty and healthiness of its situation amongst the heather and pines of Berkshire. As a specialisation—that is, as a military school for training officers—it has been a failure, as any specialised school is bound to be. The only generals of any public note educated at Wellington are Sir Ian Hamilton and Sir John Nixon; and I do not believe that, even in proportion to its numbers, Wellington has furnished more officers to the Army than any other public school. The first headmaster, Dr. Benson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), had not been five years in the saddle before he realised the mistake of specialisation; and he did everything in his power—and it was great—to encourage civilians to send their boys there. He succeeded so far that the civilian element balanced, if it did not exceed, the military element; the cleverest boys went up the classical side, and to Oxford and Cambridge, instead of to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

And so it must always be with all attempts at school specialisation. Suppose you were to found a school for training chartered accountants, or engineers, or barristers: who would send their sons there? After all the abuse of the public schools, and the denunciations of their inefficiency, the fact remains that a boy's name has to be down for ten years, to get into a good house at Eton, or to gain admission to Winchester. This fact speaks volumes. It shows the sound instinct on the part of parents, which tells them that character is more important than special training; and that the one thing needful is to be taught to be a gentleman.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

A PUBLIC SCHOOL MAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With the substance of Mr. W. H. D. Rouse's impressive and eloquent letter I cordially agree. This craze for specialisation and for turning public schools into nurseries of tradesmen is the degradation of all true education. But may I put in a plea for mental arithmetic? The reason why Germans and Scotchmen do so well in business is their trained faculty of quick calculation. The ordinary English clerk or stockbroker has to turn up a book of tables or sit down with pen and paper to tell you the yield of such and such a stock, a sum which a German or Scotch clerk would do in his head at once.

Mr. Rouse is right in saying that a boy's lessons should be made more interesting by less minute attention to syntax and prosody. This opens up the delicate question whether sixth form boys should be allowed the use of "cribs" in reading the classics. When I was in the sixth I used a crib for Thucydides,

and became quite interested in the speeches of the envoys and the military points of the Sicilian expedition. All this interest is lost by translating word for word and parsing half a page at a time.

Another difficulty is the teaching of modern languages. A French master used to be called "Froggy" a German master will certainly be called "Bosche" or "Hun." One of the most important languages of the future is Chinese. But fancy John Chinaman, even without his pigtail, taking a form!

Yours faithfully,

PREFECT.

MILK SHORTAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are two omissions from my article (compelled doubtless by exigency of space) which I think of sufficient importance to repeat.

It is a well-known fact that prior to the war, thousands of Russians and Poles used to migrate to both Germany and Denmark for the harvests and other agricultural operations. It is equally well known that since these supplies of cheap labour the Danish harvests of, anyhow, 1916 and 1917, were in considerable danger. And I believe that only the importation of very considerable quantities of agricultural implements and necessities from America and this country saved the situation. And we thought we had a blockade!

In addition, in Germany the agriculturalist is heavily protected. In Denmark the urban population is bullied by the rural population, while here the boot is very much on the other leg.

Unless the shortage is to become acute and very much more acute next winter, the Government should tell the country that agriculture is a serious business, and that tinkering with the question for five years till, like a child who gets tired of a toy, the situation is better and the subject can be dropped, is not enough. Many agriculturalists, I believe, think as I do—if I may call myself such—that when the war is over and the younger countries of the world begin again to produce largely and cheaply, agriculture will be dropped by either political party like a hot brick, and the agriculturalist will be again sacrificed to the industrial population.

If the Government are really in earnest, they should give more concrete evidence of such, and realise that a little less talk and a few more acts would carry more weight.

Yours truly,

HINDLIP.

Carlton Club.

ACTOR-MANAGER OR UNDERTAKER?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Your witty article in last week's issue weighs very fairly the pros and cons of the old and the new system of the actor-manager versus the *entrepreneur* or *impresario*. But why do we use an Italian or French word instead of the English term, undertaker? It is only in modern times that this name has been confined to the manager of funerals. In the Stuart reigns an undertaker meant a Parliamentary wire-puller; and in Georgian times it was often used as a promoter, or business manager.

I remember once offering an actor-manager to dramatise a charming story of which the leading part was that of a princess. I shall never forget the dreamy disdain with which he answered, "But where do I come in?" Of course, if an actor-manager is going to find the money, it is only natural he should demand a play of which he would be the central figure. The advantage of the undertaker is, as you say, that he has plenty of capital, and is impersonal, and therefore impartial. He can also afford to make experiments, and I know that it is the reluctance or inability of the actor-manager to take financial risks that consigns hundreds of good plays to oblivion. The extra-

ordinary thing about dramatic production is that no amount of experience enables a manager to say whether a play will succeed or fail. The late Mr. Charles Brookfield told me that what he thought his best jokes generally were received in silence: while unexpected roars of laughter discovered to him hidden humour in a sally. The instances he gave me were that in a play of his—I've forgotten its name—a police magistrate is discovered by his servant asleep in an arm-chair, and says on being shaken, "Dear me! I thought I was in Court!" Dead silence in the house. In another scene, a burglar, prowling round the dining-room takes the cover off a cheese. "Lord, 'ow it do smell!" Roars of laughter. Such is the English sense of humour. Wit, of course, makes people smile, not laugh, and witty plays are dangerous experiments. "Charley's Aunt" is broad humour. Oscar Wilde's plays are sheer hard wit. The question you raise is an interesting one. I fear it is being answered by the modern solvent, L.S.D.

Yours faithfully,

R. DE C.

SACRILEGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I am sure there must be hundreds of your readers who are, like me, inexpressibly grateful to you for the insertion of the letter, in last week's issue, on the "sacrilege" which is being carried on to perfection, as suitable to be pursued in a "time of war" (not, of course, being a "contentious" bill!). There are many reasons why the thought of the "Proclamation of Peace" day fills one with alarm and misgiving, not the least being the nauseating rapture with which this concoction of war aims and peace terms is received by journalists and others; but for sheer horror the thought of the peace bells ringing in the consummation of this meanest of atrocities surpasses all. One cannot dignify it as a "sword" rather than "peace." It is rather the assassin's dagger, and directed by our heaven-sent Premier and his band! Trusting the action of such influential organs as the SATURDAY REVIEW and others may rouse the supine conscience of the nation before it is too late,

I am, yours,

Jan. 9.

CHURCHWOMAN.

MR. WELLS ON THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The vague and diffuse views of Mr. H. G. Wells as to war aims continue to send gusts of Homeric laughter throughout the country. Whether these views are a cheap advertisement of a cheaper republicanism, or merely the result of Christmas indigestion, it is hard to tell—nor does it much matter.

Democracy is only a king in a dressing-gown—and a king (like Mr. Wells) dresses for dinner.

We have had the "Soul of a Bishop" (a tale which is not a tale of either a soul or a bishop). Cannot Mr. Wells enthuse over the "Soul of a Mouse"?

I am, sir, yours faithfully,

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

Reform Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

A GLADSTONE EPIGRAM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The following lines, which I have never seen in print, are written in pencil on the fly-leaf of a second-hand copy of *Dodd's Epigrammatists*, bought by me a year or two ago. They are said to have been composed "on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's being presented by the Greeks with a block of Pentelican marble as material for a bust of himself by Woolner":

O could our country, stone for stone,

The gift return genteely,

How gladly would we give our own

GLAD-STONE to Hellas freely!

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

C. L. D.

HOARDING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Religious systems gain by vagueness, as they have to include people of varying practices and opinions. But this advantage does not belong to the Food Controller's Orders, which increase confusion by their indefinite suggestions. What is "hoarding?" If I look forward and save a little for the future from my rations of foodstuffs, as Joseph did in Egypt, am I a hoarder, because I have more than the normal quantity in my establishment? If I get a present of tea well above the normal amount, am I to destroy it, or return it?

Severe penalties are, we are told; to be inflicted, and magistrates are to decide whether people are right or wrong. This class is notoriously cranky in its judgments, as the pages of *Truth* have shown for many a year. Why cannot the Ministry of Food issue definitions which would cover the cases bound to arise? In not doing so they seem to me to be shirking their responsibilities.

I enclose my card, and am, yours faithfully,

A HOUSEHOLDER.

REVIEWS.

"SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO."

The Life and Letters of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. (1786-1860). By H. Noel Williams. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER'S life was a romance of adventure with bizarre episodes—such as the Portuguese expedition of 1833—which Stevenson would have loved to handle. The Admiral was a youth when Nelson died, and he owned something of the Nelson touch which brought him into constant collision with the formalists of the service, above all with the Pharisees of Downing Street, who alternately starved and profited by his successes, while they were deaf to his wisdom and warnings. Quick, frank, headstrong, impetuous, he doubtless had his faults, but he was seldom substantially wrong, while his dash, daring, and Quixotism endeared "Black Charlie" to the seamen, who, indeed, adored him. He was a soldier as well as a sailor, and volunteered in the Peninsular War, where he and his cousin took part in the Battle of Busaco. He was "soldier and sailor too" in Syria as well as Portugal. He was also a diplomatist, and a man of ideas. Like Nelson, he despised and disregarded the vacillations and equivocations of selfish officialism, and, while he was not unconscious of his own powers, he was ever a great patriot, animated by a real love of his country, and not carried away by the false idealisms of such as fancy that the world can be converted into an international exhibition; he loved John Bull, every inch of him, and hated high-sounding hypocrisy. Furthermore, he was an eccentric, rejoicing in a strangely-assorted, rough-and-tumble of costume—a sort of inverted dandy who, as a young man, actually hunted, booted and spurred, in a naval uniform, and in Minorca once appeared (for a wager) "seated on a donkey, dressed in a yellow coat, yellow waistcoat, and yellow trousers, laced cock-hat, and a pair of naval epaulettes." Nobody, however, ever dared to take liberties with one who so completely embodied the British lion; he secured the love of children, to whom he was devoted; the respect of his colleagues, and the admiration—fickle as it proved—of the world. There were few parts of the earth, East and West, Mexico and America, where he had not travelled and triumphed. He was a veritable gipsy of the seas. He was like my Uncle Shandy.

"The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side from that whereon most men travelled, that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind—in other words, it was a different object. He saw Kings and Courts and silks of all colours in such strange lights."

Here, then, is a fine and fascinating figure. It was a happy as well as a tender thought of his granddaughter, Mrs. Philip Gooch, to bring a mass of unpublished correspondence, inherited from her mother, to bear on the activities of nearly sixty years, and to realise Mrs. Jarrell's dearest wish by causing that long life—detailed years ago by his stepson—to be re-illustrated and vindicated. Nothing was ever shabbier than the treatment of Napier in the Baltic expedition of 1854 by that wretched Coalition which caused and confounded the Crimean War, and by that Mr. Glib Facing-Bothways, Sir James Graham, whose policy was politics. Mr. Noel Williams has performed the task entrusted to him carefully and conscientiously—in this Baltic scandal, indeed, with complete and signal success. If his style often tends to be pedestrian, and his narrative a summary of records, it forms no bad frame for a vivid and eloquent portrait.

Napier was drawn to the Navy by native impulse. He sprang from an ancient and distinguished line, from which he drew both his valour and vitality. After many exciting exploits in his apprenticeship, after voyages far and wide, he first made a European impression through his own improvised espousal of the young Queen Maria Gloria's cause against the pretender Don Miguel, whom he ousted despite the hesitations and suspicions of her father, the Emperor of Brazil. The way in which he saw through and under and over the crafty cabals of pettifogging Generals and Ministers, his organisation of the hill country campaign, his tactics with an inadequate and ill-manned fleet that bluffed and overmastered a comparatively good navy, were simply marvellous. But he was his own master. Like Antæus, also the son of Neptune and a giant wrestler, Napier was invincible so long as he touched his native earth. But directly he came in contact with the thin air of "the word-catchers who live on syllables," his troubles began. He could not suffer fools gladly; he had no patience with incompetence in high places. Then followed the Syrian expedition and the battle of Acre, where the same qualities brought the same victories and similar rebuffs; his command of the Channel fleet; his honours and grievances. Last came the Baltic expedition—his real glory and his pretended shame. He was given the sort of ships for which he had struggled, but denied the kind of crews that he knew to be indispensable. He was told to make bricks out of straw. He was sent off with the loud blessings of all the ministerial pachas and muftis only to find that he had no pilots. He was pelted with conflicting instructions. He was assured that Sweden would come in and that Denmark would assist; meanwhile, having visited the Danish king, he discovered at a glance that words were not things. He was promised French co-operation that only arrived late in the day. He was kept dangling about during all the rigours of an Arctic winter, while Russia laughed and looked on. Even the boots that the kind Admiralty dispatched were several sizes too small for the weather-nipped seamen. All that he had foreseen was disregarded by a Cabinet that only cared to gull the hungry, vociferous British public and the minions or despots of the Press. In vain had he insisted (as others did lately with our own Dardanelles tragedy) that strong ports like Sveaborg or Cronstadt were only to be seized by a concerted action between an adequate navy and an adequate land force. Cholera broke out—he surmounted it. The Aland Islands were to be taken—a nest of bare, though strongly fortified, rocks—he took them against enormous odds, and, despite all obstacles, he maintained a vigilant and effective blockade.

The last drop in a bitter cup was the insolent dictation by Delane, of the *Times*, in a private letter which he had the presumption to dispatch; the tone and terrorism of it show that newspaper Napoleons are no new discoveries. His own rejoinder—which, while living, he had the chivalry to withhold—is given at length in these pages. The Government had promised, the populace demanded a sensation, but no sign could be given it but endurance and withdrawal, and all because the Ministers were humbugs and nincompoops.

No wonder that he despised and defied them. Then both Ministers and populace demanded a scapegoat. He returned to be insulted after being injured, but also to turn the tables upon his enemies on the floor of the House of Commons, where he stood as a sturdy, undemocratic Liberal. His deeds remain. Time, the sole test, has fully justified him.

A stern disciplinarian, he was entirely against flogging and in favour of punishment by ridicule. An ingenious inventor, he was among the first to press for paddle-steamers. His letters are racy, direct, incisive, winning. We may conclude with the comparison drawn by his stepson between his cousin, the famous historian, and himself: "Both were endowed with the same daring ambition, the same energy and indomitable will; both despised the fear of responsibility Neither would quietly see his fellow-creatures trampled on, and neither would allow himself to be trampled on with impunity. . . ."

Here, surely, is a lesson for our own generation—self-respect. Men of action should not be subservient to men of volubility if real history is to be made. Nor is the ballot-box the criterion or the creator of ability or empire.

EXPLAINING POETRY.

A Companion to Palgrave's Golden Treasury. By David Somervell. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d. net.

WHILE one portion of our schoolboys is, like Mr. Wegg, bursting into verse in a friendly way for the astonishment of its elders, another has the chance of discovering what real poetry is like—not, of course, with any idea of imitation, for the twentieth century is above that. It is also above taking any trouble which can be saved by short cuts in its education. Erudition such as satisfies, perhaps, the demands of to-day can be got out of an encyclopædic primer; personal effort is out of date for the learner. Why, too, should the teacher learn before he teaches, if he can get it all in a compendium? So we have 'A Companion to the Golden Treasury' showing what the poets were up to, and how far they succeeded—a guide, in fact, to their spirit and quality—also a guide to the defects of Palgrave and the taste of his latest critic. Mr. Somervell aims both at lovers of poetry and schoolboys, and adds a few jokes, as education, both of the old and the young, must be made amusing nowadays. But he does not occupy much space with explanations of difficulties, on the ground that "difficulties are more often than not weaknesses, and to 'explain' the difficulty is but to focus attention on the weaker part of the poem." This defiant dogma implies a good deal that all critics of poetry will hardly, perhaps, admit. We conceive that there are for the modern reader of the 'Golden Treasury' difficulties which in no way derogate from the worth of the poems. It takes two people to make a difficulty, and the up-to-date reader is hasty and indolent, and so vastly ignorant of the culture of the past that he does not see how much it brings to the present. Gray's 'Elegy,' for instance, has certain eighteenth century points which are not easy to-day. Mr. Somervell says that the poem "needs no explaining." Take the line,

"Fair science frowned not on his humble birth."

Why should she frown? What good would it have done if she had? The criticism of Gray's Eton Ode is singularly wrong-headed. Mr. Somervell lectures Gray on not seeing that school is a training for after life, so that the final sentiment,

"where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise,"

will not do. We prefer to quote the comment of that strange cousin of Lamb's, James Elia, upon seeing the Eton boys at play in their grounds: "What a pity to think that these fine, ingenuous lads in a few years will all be changed into frivolous members of Parliament!" Why is not "Forty Years On," which is added as a pendant to Gray's Ode, credited to its author? Mr. Somervell is casual about filling up his references, and

in this he is certainly up to date. Lovelace's 'To Lucasta' has the familiar second stanza,

"True a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield."

Of the two last lines we read here: "It is, perhaps, almost unkind to call attention to the odd picture the reader may evoke if he lingers too curiously over lines seven and eight." This is stupid and needless comment. To embrace is not only to hug, as competent students of literature are aware.

Poetry does not belong, thank goodness, to prosaic persons who take everything literally. Otherwise we and Mr. Somervell might ask what Duty in Wordsworth's Ode was doing in preserving "the Stars from wrong." Who was attacking them? Heine, perhaps, who said they would not shine so bright if we knew their private lives. When our guide comes to Burns's address "To a Field Mouse," he leaves "a daimen icker in a thrave," and other things of the sort, as if everybody understood them, and proceeds to the game of anthropomorphising: "I think the mouse would be both touched and pleased by the poem, but I doubt if the skylark would care much for Wordsworth and Shelley, or the nightingale for Keats." Whatever the nightingale might say about Keats, we can conceive it wanting to examine Mr. Somervell's bumps for calling it, or the subject of the Nightingale Ode, which is the same thing, "the stillest thing in Nature." That might apply to a dead bird, but not to a songster whose "plaintive anthem" faded

"Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side,"

while Keats was sitting under a plum tree.

When he comes to Fitzgerald's 'Omar,' Mr. Somervell gossips about translations and the reputation of Samuel Butler, and quotes a critic who has no real knowledge of the subject. He could have discovered from those who know that Fitzgerald's 'Omar' was not a single poet, and not a poet of mere venous indulgence. The note on the original of Browning's "Lost Leader" is also vague and ignorant. We learn that "poor Wordsworth has been the favourite victim, presumably because in old age he wrote Ecclesiastical Sonnets and accepted the Poet Laureateship." In the 'Life and Letters of Browning,' 1908, p. 123, Mr. Somervell can see Browning's own letter on the point, admitting that he undoubtedly had Wordsworth in his mind, but simply as a "model." A great admirer of Browning might, we think, have read his 'Life,' or have found somebody else who had done so.

Mr. Somervell is clearly not a classical scholar, and is indifferent to the graces which come from Greece and Rome. But, since English is founded mainly on Greek and Latin, we must frankly state that a competent critic of English poetry should know these languages.

This commentary implies a good deal of courage and independence. It would have been difficult for a learned Victorian to produce it, for he would have to quote on every other page, or spoil by paraphrase, sound and neat verdicts. Truth to tell, we recall, on reading Mr. Somervell, better comments by men of some repute in the nineteenth century. But views and opinions change, and the twentieth century must, we suppose, have its own impressions. They seem to us often more like *obiter dicta* than judgments founded on knowledge. Yet Mr. Somervell is often happy and pointed in his remarks on poets he likes. We wish that he had carried further his notes on rhythm and metre. The public ear sadly needs correction and education. The public voice does not, as he aptly remarks, select the best lines of a poem for familiar quotation.

Appendix II, which suggests "Some Books" for further study, is a meagre affair. Mr. Somervell quails before the idea of making it complete, though in Appendix I he does not hesitate to give us his "Ideal Anthology." As he writes for the adult as well as the schoolboy, he might surely have mentioned some

mature criticism as to what poetry is, e.g., Arnold's essay on "The Study of Poetry," in 'Essays in Criticism, Second Series.' The robustious genius of Mr. Chesterton may give us the last word, but we want a few of the earlier ones as well. Poetry is largely a great tradition, and traditions are not often happily explained by off-hand comments.

A TALE OF GLOOM.

The Stucco House. By Gilbert Cannan. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.

MR. GILBERT CANNAN is a novelist of power and promise, but he must be on his guard against falling into morbidity. He is of the school of Balzac—or, perhaps, he might be more correctly called a disciple of Mr. Arnold Bennett. He takes a middle-class family in a grimy provincial town, one of the Five Towns, or a Lancashire town called Thrigsby, and he analyses the sordid details of their dull vicious lives with some of the skill of the French master. We remember 'Mendel,' a story of a young Whitechapel Jew, an artist, whom Mr. Cannan drew with wonderful realism and insight into the tribal character. But Mr. Cannan need not always pitch his scenes in squalor and misery. In 'The Stucco House' we have a Scotch family of Lawries who migrate from Dumfriesshire to Lancashire, and, of course, make money, all except Jamie. He is a dreamer, a poet, an idealist, a writer for the "Thrigsby Post," and he marries a pretty middle-class fool, who goes to church, bears him four children, and locks him out of her room. The mixture of commonsense and idealism, which rebels against money-making as the end of life, is skilfully depicted in Jamie, and is perhaps only found in Scotsmen. But Jamie is such a hopeless and exasperating idiot, and is so weak in the treatment of his wife, that he loses the reader's sympathy, which is surely not what Mr. Cannan intended. All women seem to fall in love with Jamie, who neither perceives their passion at first nor is able to return it when it is forced upon his notice. We can't for the life of us discover why all the women are in love with James Lawrie, whose age and appearance we are left to guess, and who sinks from a dreamer into a drunkard. The hatred of his wife, the contempt of his children, the passion of the maid-servant, and the dancing girl make up a domestic tragedy over the details of which the author hangs fondly. The book is interesting, and much above the average novel in point of writing and characterisation. But it is not exhilarating; indeed, it is one of the gloomiest tales we have ever read.

THAT SCOTCH MARRIAGE.

Over the Hills and Far Away. By Guy Fleming. Longmans. 5s. net.

THIS is a pretty romantic story, written in a style closely imitative of R. L. Stevenson's, about the grandson of a Scottish earl, who is brought up in the housekeeper's room of a big castle, ignorant of his birth. The father of Duncan Ferrier, the hero, was the eldest son of the old lord, who, unlike most Scottish peers in the middle of the eighteenth century, is a polished old gentleman in ruffles, of refined speech and manners. The son, Lord Merrick, had been turned out of the castle, had cohabited with Duncan's mother, of humble birth, and died, and Duncan was treated as a "by-blow." Duncan is a good-natured, high-spirited lad, who has many adventures with smugglers, highwaymen, gamblers, and gets his head broken twice. He has the chance of marrying a neighbouring heiress, but is true to Jessie, the daughter of the minister at

the manse. A chance interview brings him into contact with his mother, the pensioned mistress: but a Peerage and a law book read during his student's term at Edinburgh show him that he is the earl's grandson and heir to the title. We fancy that the Scottish marriage law, which evolves a binding contract out of a promise to marry followed by cohabitation, has furnished forth the table of many a romancer. Mr. Fleming writes easily and pleasantly; he copies a good model; and it is all very charming and young.

AN UNCONVINCING AMORIST.

The Challenge to Sirius. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. Nisbet. 6s.

THE author of 'Sussex Gorse' set us a high standard by which to judge her subsequent work. Her latest novel falls far short of that standard, while it surpasses the great mass of ephemeral fiction. Frank Rainger, the peg on which depends the whole heterogeneous fabric, is an unconvincing amorist. We travel with him over a period of fifty years from one part of the world to another for no other evident purpose than to witness his varying amours with almost every woman of marriageable age whom he meets. Brought up on the Kent-Sussex borderland, he vows eternal love to Maggie Coalbran, a farmer's daughter, before proceeding—in the 'fifties—to undertake a literary career in London. Here he meets Rita Simons, a novel-writing Jewess of Bayswater, who makes a hobby of liaisons with literary aspirants, and, having lived with her for a space, realises his inability to storm Parnassus, and returns to Moon's Green to find Maggie married. He settles down as a farmer, and after about ten years of rusticity he makes passionate love to Maggie, now the mother of a numerous family, in her husband's kitchen. Such conduct being regarded as unusual in farming circles, Frank sails for America and fights for the Confederates, becoming engaged to a gentle daughter of the South. But before he can marry her she is murdered by negroes, so he sails away and is wrecked off Yucatan, where he spends eleven years in the employ of an immoral priest. Finally he returns home and marries Maggie, now prosperously widowed and proprietress of a milkshop at Rye.

Miss Kaye-Smith has an artist's sense of words, and her Sussex scenes and folk—Rainger is a foreigner—are real and wholly delightful. She paints the drab squalors and discomforts of war on the beaten side with a restraint of tone that makes them appear vital even in the glaring light of a far deadlier conflict. But this book leaves us with the impression that we have been assisting at the performance of the libretto of a Middlesex revue, with music by Wagner and staging by Bakst.

STARS IN THE GUTTER.

The Fields of the Fatherless. Jean Roy. Collins. 6s.

IN 'The Fields of the Fatherless' we find a realism which grips us by virtue of its utter sincerity. It purports to be the record of the author's own history. Whether this be so or not, her grim pages bear the stamp of experience. They show us a world which lies at our doors, and which yet even in these days of quickened understanding goes too often unrecognised. The illegitimate child of a drunken mother is brought up in one of the back alleys of a little Scotch sea-port town. Her life is shadowed by her mother's evil ways. Poverty and illness, drudgery and drunkenness are the facts of her daily existence. Such a subject offers to the modern pen unlimited opportunities for morbidity

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or revolt. Miss Roy is neither a revolutionary nor a neurotic. She makes her statement simply and without comment, and it is none the less moving for that. In her attitude to people she is as fair as in her attitude to Fate. The erratic dram-drinking grandmother and the harsh, God-fearing grandfather are drawn with an unsparing yet tender touch. She makes her wilderness blossom in spite of its aridity. Dreams and books and Nature are her friends. Her own book has faults. It is too long; it lacks cohesion and a definite issue. It is, perhaps, photographic rather than artistic. Nevertheless, it remains human and arresting.

LATEST BOOKS.

WITCHES AND FAIRIES.

Black and White Magic. By E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

The first part of this book has real knowledge of wizardlore as a background. But it strikes us as being posture rather than poetry. It is witchcraft turned post-impressionist, and post-impressionism does not suit anything so primitive. The result is a bizarre and disconnected impression, though, if the verses are only scherzos in the black art, they achieve their purpose. We confess, however, that Mr. Blair's contributions to the volume are more to our taste. He knows fairyland—the real fairyland, whether it be the realm of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' or of 'Bab Ballads.' And fairyland is always new and full of surprises. Mr. Blair has caught the tripping footsteps of the fairies in his metres; his rhyme is as agile as their antics. We should like to try his 'charm for turning even the most materialistic male mortal into a fairy changeling' on the next City man we meet, and to bless the house with his spells, which have already bestowed their magic on 'Punch.' As for his 'strange servant,' she would certainly find herself at home in Gilbertian company. Moreover, in 'A Cotsall House' and 'At Ann's Bedside' he shows lyrical qualities which make us curious to hear his pipes tuned to another key.

Wanted, a Tortoise-shell. By Peter Blundell. John Lane. 6s.

The remarkable and ludicrous incidents of this story are of more importance than the thread connecting them; which is the necessity impressed upon the minds of several people in a small British colony of the Malayan Archipelago of finding a tortoise-shell tom-cat, in order to bring peace of mind to the President, a half-imbecile old gentleman who has become a cat-worshipper. We had always understood that tortoise-shell toms were non-existent, the sandy cat being, in fact, the male of the tortoise-shell, but Mr. Blundell makes it appear that male tortoise-shells, though very rare, are not unknown in the Malayan Archipelago. The description of the life of British residents in Jallagar will appeal to everybody who has known such little colonies in youth, when they seem purely jovial; and we defy the reader not to laugh, and laugh heartily, at a hundred pages of delightful humour. The characters are lightly but distinctly drawn, with a strong touch occasionally; and we are grateful to Mr. Blundell for his restraint in making the villain of the piece a Swede and not a German. The book might be described as a screaming farce, unfairly, for though it makes one laugh on almost every page, it is with subtlety. We recommend it as an antidote to war-worry.

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THE CITY.

Congratulations and thanks to Mr. P. D. Blake. Like most business men whose duty it was to analyse and elucidate the prospectuses of the Government War Loans and the National War Bonds, he was impressed by the involved language and ineffective presentation of particulars in those documents. The rest of us, accustomed to the stilted phraseology of officialdom, and more often than not guilty of the same jargon, proceeded to unravel the problem to the best of our ability for the benefit of those who come to us for light on the subject. Mr. Blake, however, has gone to the fount and origin of the trouble. With a pleasing faith in the adaptability of financial officialdom he has written to the Chief Cashier of the Bank of England praying for reform in the style of prospectuses issued by the Bank, and submitting his own sample prospectus of the National War Bonds. While retaining much of the in-

ABOUT PRIVATE INCOMES —now and later on.

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volved wording of the official document, he demonstrates clearly that it is possible to compose a Government loan prospectus in intelligible terms, and by the attractive employment of various sizes of type to give emphasis to the more important facts, relegating the less essential details to the background. Mr. Blake deserves the thanks of the City for his industry and common-sense.

Prospectuses issued by the Bank are evidently drawn up on a common form. The original form must be very old, but it served its purpose in the days when Government securities were only applied for by professional investors (banks, insurance companies and brokers), or investors who employ banker or broker to do their business. Save for the interpolation of a few particularly involved paragraphs, the style of the National War Bond appeal was as bad as an eighteenth century bank clerk could make it. For example, although the bonds were to be available at every bank (to say nothing of brokers and post offices) in the country, the prospectus started: "The Governor and (sic) Company of the Bank of England are authorised by the Lord Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury to receive," etc. Then one half of the third page was filled with a list of banks which would receive applications "at any time at which such offices are open for business." Mr. Blake assumes that a lawyer must have been responsible for the intensely precise and totally unnecessary implication that banks would not accept applications after they were shut. And why give a list of banks when presumably any bank may receive applications? Why also give exceptional prominence to facts which only interest persons domiciled abroad, at the same time relegating more important matters, such as conversion rights, to the back page? Again, Mr. Blake asks, What is the matter with simple English when appealing to the general public?

We hope that the National War Bonds will prove so continuously successful that there will be no necessity for another Government War Loan. But if the magnificent efforts of Sir Robert Kindersley and the Tanks should become exhausted by the length of the war, and should another prospectus emerge from the Bank of England, we trust that it will be freely translated into plain English, and that an experienced sub-editor or advertisement manager may be permitted to arrange the paragraphs and the type to be employed; or, as Mr. Blake is a Bank manager, perhaps his assistance would be less objectionable to the dignity of the old Lady of Threadneedle Street. By some means or other let us rid ourselves of jargon, and produce a prospectus which does not require sheaves of explanatory literature.

One of the words which we should like to see definitely scrapped is the cursed word "repayable." The prospectuses state that bonds are "repayable" at such-and-such a date. By custom this implies that the principal of the bonds "will be repaid," although it merely means "capable of being repaid." Formerly, the word more frequently used (and still employed in some prospectuses) was "redeemable," which in practice means "will be redeemed," though on more than one occasion officials have held that it meant "may be redeemed on or after, but not before" the date given. Who knows what Government may be in power when a bond becomes repayable, and what interpretation may be put upon the word in the future? Let us therefore do away with "repayable" and substitute "to be repaid."

MOTOR NOTES.

MOTOR-CAR TAXATION.

We have always held the view that all motor taxation should be imposed on the basis of fuel, for, after all, that is the best and most satisfactory method. It is inequitable and unreasonable that a car which covers say, 4,000 or 5,000 miles in the year should be taxed at the same rate as a similar vehicle which covers twice or three times the mileage. Under present circumstances, there is no economy as regards the licence duty paid by restricting the mileage. With a tax based on petrol, however, the motorist would realise that every reduc-

tion in his mileage was a definite saving, and consequently he would curtail the distance traversed annually. This method, too, would be far simpler than the existing one, for the tax would be added on to the price of petrol, thus avoiding trouble to the owner, and also trouble and expense to the authorities.

It might be thought at first sight that under such circumstances the average amount paid by the owners of big cars of high horse-power would be less than the tax at present imposed. We do not think that this would be the case. These heavy, high-powered cars are very extravagant in petrol, and in all probability the amount realised for petrol tax in the case of large cars would be greater than the amount produced by the existing licence duty, but would not impress the owner so much, in that he would be paying the tax in small sums as portion of his petrol bill and not in a lump sum.

We sincerely hope that this system will eventually be adopted. It would enable the man of moderate means to economise, and even if it resulted in a greater expense to the owners of very big cars, it would be a trifling hardship in view of their financial position. It would also serve as an encouragement to motorists to use lighter and smaller cars than they were hitherto accustomed to. The big heavy cars are exceedingly extravagant not only in petrol, but in tyres, repairs and first cost; apart from speed, the smaller cars can, as a rule, carry out satisfactorily the same class of work. Big, high-powered cars, as a whole, are driven much faster than the small ones, and speed means not only increased expenditure, but rapid deterioration of the roads and considerable risk to the public.

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